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TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1910.

Democrats and Cannonism.

"The one hope of the Democrats lay in a prolongation of the Republican feud. What they have done to terminate it is so much to their confusion and discomfiture."—New York Sun.

It was great fun and much excitement while it lasted—the attempted slaughtering of "Uncle Joe" to make a Roman holiday—but now, in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, how does it look from the Democratic point of view?

Significance attaches to this comment in the New York Tribune, which has stood for reform in the system of House government:

"The Republican party will profit from this change, but a generous degree of credit should be given to the Democratic party for assisting without hope of profit in breaking down an odious system and removing a dangerous popular complaint lodged against its Republican rival."

"Republican prospects will be greatly advanced by the elimination of the issue of 'Cannonism.' Few even of the Speaker's supporters really believed in the methods which he applied, but subscribed to them for policy's sake. There can be a general realignment now behind a system of giving greater play to independence and individuality. The wounds due to the Rules Committee fight ought to be soon forgotten."

Somehow, this has a decidedly reminiscent ring. It was praiseworthy, no doubt, from the standpoint of genuine statesmanship, for the patriotic, ever obliging Democracy to laud this Republican settled linen. By giving its support to a minority of the majority party of the House, the Democracy exploded the bugaboo of "Cannonism," cleared the atmosphere for the Republicans, and has had a torrid old time doing it, of course! But—there are so often inconvenient "buts"—as the New York Tribune, good old Republican organ that it is, so persuasively says, "Republican prospects will be greatly advanced by the elimination of the issue of 'Cannonism,'" and go on, "Republican prospects? Prospects of what? Why, of carrying the next House of Representatives, to be sure—thanks to the ever obliging Democracy aforesaid."

Did the House Democracy delude itself with the idea that the "Insurgents" would hold to the alliance to the point of ousting Mr. Cannon and electing, say, Mr. Champ Clark Speaker? (At least two Democratic papers of the South that we have in mind thought so.) Oh, perhaps not—and yet, we have an idea that the Democrats of the House hardly expected their allies to vote to retain "Uncle Joe," even shorn of much of his power.

And read this editorial expression from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"Instead of holding aloof and allowing the Republicans to fight their own battles, they fought the 'insurgent' battle for them and helped them to extinguish the very reason that was counted on as a campaign issue to help the Democrats in the election for the new Congress."

In "Cannonism"—deceptive issue that it was—the Democrats had something upon which to appeal to the country. Having themselves eliminated it, however, along goes much of their most effective campaign thunder with it. Upon what issue are they to appeal now? The tariff? Angels and ministers of grace defend them!

They may win the next House in spite of themselves—probably will. The country is in a state of unrest; discontent is rampant. If the Democrats cannot pull through on their own merits, they may yet pull through on a fluke. A week ago it was big odds that the next House would be Democratic. Even now the odds are that way, but they are not so large. The party has an ancient reputation for having elections won six months before election day and losing them when the show-down comes.

In the meantime, that rock-ribbed old Democratic sheet, the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, says:

"It is rather discouraging to see the historic old Democratic party made so often the cracker of a Republican faction's whip. These insurgents protest that they are 'better Republicans' than Cannon. If they do Cannon, they recognize the Republican party as a better and stronger body, and proportionately the Democratic party is weakened. If the Democrats will keep their hands off, Cannon will drive the insurgents, who represent a very large element of Republican voters, into the Democratic party. There is nothing else for them to go. But if the Democrats help the insurgents to save themselves, they will help the Republican party to save itself. The Democratic party has performed this grotesque act for its old enemy several times before."

"The Telegraph cannot outlive our Mr. Champ Clark's valiant attempt to lead moral aid and the material votes of the Democratic party to save the Republican party from its own efforts at dissolution; and that is what is meant by amputating 'Cannonism' and giving life and health to the other Republican faction."

And that, brethren, in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, is about the size of it!

Standing before the court convicted, a South Carolina defendant remarked to the presiding judge: "Your honor, I would rather go to the penitentiary than go back to my wife." His honor evidently believed in the defendant's sincerity, for he was promptly sentenced to go back to his wife.

"A scientist has succeeded with the aid of a microscope in measuring 1-200th of an inch." Perhaps we shall yet be

able to determine precisely how much ground Mr. Champ Clark really gained by his recent alliance with the "insurgent" Republicans.

Professional Aviators.

Paulhan's return to France will give the French press another opportunity to assail American sportsmanship. It will be pointed out that he was harassed by the Wrights, who demanded such a huge bond he was unable to keep his contract to give exhibition flights while the infringement case was being heard before the courts. But the facts are far from this.

The "sportsmanship" of which some foreign writers and aviators boast, and the alleged lack of which in Americans they criticize so bitterly, is purely imaginary. Paulhan was getting \$6,000 a week for giving exhibitions, and was doing so when a case in court regarding an infringement was soon to be heard. The Wrights, it is conceded, are the premiers in the field of aviation. If their contention that Paulhan's machine is an infringement is upheld by the courts, they are entitled to compensation. No sane man questions this.

The Wrights have specifically stated they will offer no objection to having foreign aviators come to an international meet, but they do believe that when a foreigner who, according to their claim, is using a machine which should pay royalty to them comes to this country and gets \$6,000 a week, they should have some protection, for their plan is to give exhibitions while perfecting their biplane.

The Wrights make no boast of being sportsmen. They are practical business men, and are working to perfect the science of aerial flight. For this they expect compensation. They are not being led away by the lure of money, as Paulhan seemed to be. They look forward to the time when aerial navigation will be so fully developed as to be a practical means of transportation. They expect monetary reward, and to this end are asking the protection of the courts. But they are not making themselves ridiculous by rushing into print and denouncing their rivals. They leave that to the "sportsmen" such as Paulhan proves himself to be.

A Real Conservationist.

In these days of superheated word slinging and torrid outbursts of fervent oratory, it is a genuine pleasure to contemplate the marked conservatism that characterizes the Congressional remarks of the Hon. Henry W. Palmer, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Palmer evidently believes in the policy of boiling things down—to approximating a minimum supply to a maximum demand, so to speak. His conservation facts invariably square with his conservation theories; his idea is that beauty unadorned inevitably is adorned the most.

Not a great while ago Mr. Champ Clark inquired of Mr. Palmer to know what a certain proposed official in the State Department would, if created by the authority of Congress in the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill, have to do.

Did Mr. Palmer then use up a page or so of the Congressional Record explaining? Did he wax eloquent, witty, sarcastic, and urbane by turn while he discussed the inquiry? Not Mr. Palmer. Remember, Mr. Palmer is a conservationist. He believes in the conservation of time, of language, of nerve tissue, and of white paper. He merely answered, "Lots." Up to the moment of Mr. Clark's inquiry, Mr. Palmer had said nothing; after Mr. Palmer's reply to Mr. Clark, Mr. Palmer said nothing some more. His entire vocal effort for the day was summed up in one short and pretty word, "Lots." Whether Mr. Clark was entirely satisfied, we are not prepared to say. At least, he must have admired the democratic simplicity of the reply, anyway.

If all Congressmen were as brief and to the point as Mr. Palmer appears to be, what a saving it would be to this government. The Congressional Record might reduce itself to a weekly, and a mighty thin one at that, and the postal deficit would be transformed into a fat surplus without less than six months. No Congress composed of Palmeresque individuals would remain in session more than thirty days in any one year, and the greater part of that time would be taken up in voting. And as for that favorite Congressional pastime, Chautauquing—it would become a lost art.

As a real conservationist, Mr. Palmer seems to have even Mr. Gifford Pinchot hopelessly outclassed.

The Story of the Flood.

Biblical scholars throughout the world are showing a deep interest in the "Babylonian flood tablet" discovered by Dr. H. V. Hilprecht, of Philadelphia, and translated by him. This piece of clay takes us back a step farther than any other record of the flood. It is believed to be of a period as early as that of a narrative found at Sippur in 1877 by Dr. Scheil, a European scholar.

Dr. Hilprecht found his valuable fragment in the temple at Nippur, and has reason to believe that on it the Hebrew version is largely based. It has been known that myths of the flood were common previous to the time Genesis was written, but the tangible evidence was missing. The Hebrew account was drawn from half a dozen sources, and combined the early popular legends with writings by the Assyrians.

It was not until 1872 that tablets of the flood were found. In that year George Smith, an English scholar, found in Assyria a fragment written about 700 B. C. which contained a transcription of an earlier Babylonian legend. This proved that the Hebrew record repeated an account current for several hundred years. Later Dr. Scheil dug up a tablet which substantiated the account found in Assyria.

Dr. Hilprecht has now added to the evidence, and the latest find is considered the most remarkable by scholars. It adds force to the new view of the Hebrew record. Its chief value is in tracing civilization back to primitive times and in its corroboration of the story as we are accustomed to hearing it.

With the exception of the story of the creation, there is no part of the Bible that makes a deeper impression on the memory, and the imagination of mankind has been kindled more often by

theories of this great upheaval of nature than by any other in the Old Testament. Our fund of information on this topic cannot be too great. Such work as Dr. Hilprecht is doing is worthy of the highest commendation.

A Little Nonsense.

The pessimist must always take about his food; Because there seem to be more bones Than shad.

The pessimist must always take a jaundiced view Because the berries in the cake Are few.

The pessimist is hard to please About his food; Hunts for the bad but never sees The good.

Emphasizing His Points. "I think I'll borrow an idea from the burlesque houses for my society drama." "As to how?"

"Have the brass drummer whack his drum every time an epigram is uttered."

A Sad Case. "Do you prefer your eggs poached or scrambled?"

"I can't remember."

Driven to It. "You didn't use to watch the clock like this," remarked the boss.

"I'm commuting now," explained the head clerk.

Speed Mania. The signs upon the wayside fence

Use to-day are just immense. For letters must be high, indeed, That he who runs a car may read.

Very High Life. "Is it a fashionable novel?"

"Sure thing. The hero even puts on a dress suit to sit alone on an evening and mope."

Getting Started. "What are these?"

"Individual tires for fellows to carry who have the craze, but can't afford an automobile as yet."

A Mere Mollusc. "Why do you look so subdued and humble?"

"I've just been to call on my wife's folks."

A Realistic Nightmare. But It Wasn't a Circumstance to What Might Have Happened.

From the Dallas News. The pedestrian paused at the foot of the rickety wooden stairs and listened.

Then he hurriedly sought a policeman, whom he found around the corner a block away.

"Help!" he said, "you had better come over here. Somebody's being killed, I think. Better hurry."

Gathering the skirts of his coat about his legs, and holding his revolver in its scabbard with one hand, the policeman followed the agile pedestrian to the stairway, making exceedingly good time.

At the foot of the stairway the two paused to listen. A wild whoop smote the air, followed by a smashing of crockery. Then two more whoops and a piece of crockery smashed through the window and shivered into fragments in the street.

"Comin' up!" asked the policeman, who was firm. The pedestrian nodded unwillingly, and the two mounted the creaking stair. The policeman put his blue shoulder against the flimsy door and pushed. He pushed again and again, and at last burst in. The room was dark as pitch. From one corner arose another whoop and something whizzed past the policeman's ear, so that he ducked and the something smashed against the wall.

"Help!" he heard the voice. "She's got me; she's killing me!"

The voice was evidently that of a negro in terror. The policeman struck a match, and the pedestrian, crouching behind the door, did likewise. Off in the corner was a tumble-down bed, on which sat a wild-eyed negro of middle age. The floor was strewn with broken crockery. Seeing a candle, the policeman lighted it and approached the bed.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded. "Drunk?"

"The negro sat still in the bed and scratched his woolly head.

"No, sah," he said; "I ain't been drinkin' no nuffin. I seen habbin' a bad dream, I guess."

"I should say you had been havin' a bad dream," agreed the policeman in disgust.

"Yes, sah," said the negro; yes sah, boss. It sho' wuz er bad dream. I dream dat fool woman cum back. She'n me hed er bus' up yistiddy, and I dream she cum back."

"That's no reason why you should disturb the whole town," said the policeman indignantly.

"Boss," said the negro, impressively, "yuh don't know mah wife, no sah. Hit's lucky dishe's only er dream."

Suggestion as to Economy. From the Ohio State Journal.

A Congressman writes us a letter, not for publication, in which he denies that Congress is opposed to economy because there is so much patronage in generous appropriations. In point of fact, he assures us that this is untrue. He then suggests that if the newspapers want to battle for economy they should oppose the demands going up from all parts of the country for public buildings, rivers, and harbors, &c., which demands are accompanied with threats if they are not acquiesced in the members will not be re-elected.

The suggestion of the Congressman is sound. The idea that a member of Congress represents a constituency that he should work for to the exclusion of the general good is a low and selfish view of a Congressman's duty. This is a Nation with a big N, and he is to work for the whole of it. The custom is, of course, to look out for No. 1, and it will be followed as long as it seems to be a high duty to look out for local interests. But it is not the true patriotic ideal, neither is it in line with the beautiful economy which we all pray for, but which prayer, alas, we do so little to help answer.

His Ultimatum. From the Detroit Free Press.

"If you want to move, all right. But there's one thing I want understood right now."

"What's that?"

"That if we do move, I'm not going to ride through the streets of this town on the moving van juggling an onyx clock and a bird cage."

The Complete Diagnosis. From Pella Mela.

Customer—"I'm going to a masked ball; and I want something that will completely disguise me."

Costumer—Certainly, sir. I will give you something, nice.

Going the Limit. From the Boston Transcript.

She—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away.

He—Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

HAVING A BULLY GOOD TIME.

From the Des Moines Evening News. Col. Roosevelt has the time of his life every day of his life.

There's Nothing to Fear.

From the Atlanta Journal. Senator Perry, of Mississippi, says he doesn't intend to revolutionize that body. Aldrich and his crowd can therefore rest easy.

Justice to All Concerned.

From the Knoxville Sentinel. It may seem harsh to Senator Root and Gov. Hughes to say it, but Timothy Woodruff is boss of the Republican party in New York. He has done all his enemies.

The Census Enumerator.

From the Indianapolis News. Not only will the census enumerator keep as a profound secret the date of a lady's birth, but if he is a really polite enumerator he will assure her most convincingly that she doesn't look it.

Paste This in Your Hat.

From the Baltimore American. President Taft has no cause for worry. Speaker Cannon will have more friends than enemies.

Democrats will not carry the next Congress.

Supreme Court Evenly Divided.

From the Springfield Republican. The continued absence of Justice Moody is proving quite effective in expediting the United States Supreme Court to the judgments. Two of the cases passed upon finally this week divided the court equally—four to four—with Chief Justice Taft casting the deciding vote.

Uncle Joe in Vaudeville.

From the Tropic Capital. Uncle Joe Cannon allows that he "has a fine singing voice," and he thinks he "might draw a large salary behind the footlights," if worse comes to worst. As a matter of fact, Uncle Joe as a vaudeville attraction would make more money than Harry Lauder, and some time we hope to see him in a stunt of that kind.

Congressmen Good to Themselves.

From the Savannah News. The Senate restaurant, in the Capitol at Washington, has now become a government institution. Uncle Sam has taken over the whole thing and will pay the waiters and the manager out of his own pocket, thus relieving the Senators of the necessity of giving tips. Our Congressmen are certainly good to themselves.

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THE VIRGINIA COLONELS.

They Are an Institution and Must Be Reverently Handled.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Virginia colonels must be reverently handled. They are an institution. Daring legislators, reckless of precedent, may change the arrangement of the auditor's office, may oust a basement official, may reduce appropriations and not increase special taxes, may, in a word, do anything reckless or revolutionary, but they must not reflect upon the colonels or scoff at their ancient dignities.

To do so would be to belie old Virginia, for the colonels were as much a part of our ante-bellum life as the State Guard, the Kanawha Canal, or the White Sulphur Springs. The old colonels were distinguished men, holding their heads high with conscious pride and prestige. They were political orators, knowing precisely how large a Whig majority Richmond would give or exactly how Dromedary would fare in the adjoining district.

In ostentation, in general usefulness, and in ardent support of their chief, they were notable in an age of notables.

Uniforms did not cost \$200 in those days, to be sure, and ounces of gold lace sufficed for the martial aid where pounds are needed now. But for all of that, it was a gallant sight to see Bassett French, of revered memory, dashing about in uniform on the orders of Honest John Letcher. So was it a dread thing to watch the governor's aids shivering in the storm when the cornerstone for the Washington Monument was laid and a stirring spectacle to witness them gather around Henry A. Wise as he welcomed the Seventh New York with sixty gallons of punch when that distinguished command came to Richmond, bringing the ashes of James Monroe.

The colonels were useful in a half-dozen ways. Of the best blood of old Virginia, they were indispensable helpers at social functions. When young ladies gathered at the mansion, the aids were the most prodigious of entertainers, and the most assiduous of courtiers. They could flatter a maid, they could dance a measure, they fairly swamped the place when Gov. Wise's fair kinswoman visited him. And in more serious matters they were always at hand. Who ever heard of a duel in polite circles but that a governor's aid was present? Who knew so well as the colonels the range at ten paces, or how to maintain an impassive silence when the corner's jury was sitting? When at length war came, how quick they were to take the field, how proud of their position and how industrious. The "Examiner" might abuse Letcher's colonels, but they did their duty in office and on field.

Nor were they less valuable when a political campaign was afoot. Then they went into a veritable militia company, drawn from the entire State. As soon as the bill of rights from the Constitution or sell Houdon's Washington to a pork baron from Chicago.

The Right to Vote.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Too many commentators on the suffrage question have assumed that the right to vote is a natural right, and they have greatly confused suffrage issues by this careless assumption. It is equally confusing to assume that all persons who pay taxes must have some part in electing their official representatives. Minor, through their legal representatives, pay taxes. Feeble-minded persons who own property in this country pay taxes. Foreigners who have invested money in America pay taxes. There are no votes in these classes of taxpayers. Exclusive of the women, there are hundreds of thousands of persons in this country who pay taxes, but who are not capable of qualifying as electors. The right to vote is a right to be conferred, and the women ought not to confuse the issue by dragging in irrelevances.

The Silver Lining.

From the Atchafalaya Globe.

Look on the bright side. With meat where it is, there isn't going to be any left over for hash.

When Senator Elkins got started on the railroad rate bill, he requested Senators not to interrupt him. The reason is apparent for when the ruddy Senator gets going it is hard to stop him. He was interrupted, however, by Senators Bacon and Clapp, but only for a moment. Senator La Follette listened attentively to the arguments as presented by Senator Elkins and made many notes. Others of the insurgents and Democrats were conspicuous by their absence, excepting Senator Hale, who took the occasion to indulge in a quiet little nap.

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